

AMONG US MORTALS



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Adams, F. P.

AUTHOR

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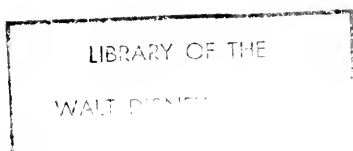
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AMONG US MORTALS

PICTURES AND LEGENDS BY

W. E. HILL

TEXT BY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1917

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Published November 1917



“Believe me, dearie, there’s no pleasing the trash in this hotel.” The queen of the switch-board confides in the telegraph-operator.

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

IT is possible, dear purchaser, that you are among us mortals whose boast is that We Never Read Prefaces. I never read them, either, especially when they are written by somebody who did n’t write the book. That is, I never read them until after I have read the book; then I go back to find out whether the preface-writer lied.

For when somebody other than the author writes the preface, it is generally for commercial reasons.

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

It is when the author is comparatively obscure, and the publishers fear that unless the book be endorsed by an authority, — or, what is more important, by what the book-buying public considers an authority, — nobody will buy it. So Mr. Henry Ford, or Mr. Andrew Carnegie, or Mr. Thomas A. Edison, or somebody whose literary endorsement is equally weighty, writes a preface. Not that I wish to minify the value of such endorsements. For sales purposes I should prefer Mr. Henry Ford's printed approval of my books (they are published, if you must know, by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York) to the three-sheeted praise of Mr. William Crary Brownell.

The other night I saw *The Country Cousin*, a play written by two of my favorite authors, Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Julian Street. I thought it an inferior play, and so did Mr. John Corbin. But Colonel Roosevelt rose in his box and said it was "a first-class American play"; and President Wilson said the play was "delightful." This morning's papers blazon these nitid endorsements; and more people will go to see that play because these gentlemen said what they did than went to see — well, for example, *Hindle Wakes*, which had the strong endorsement of a dozen practiced, experienced, and capable critics. Yet I doubt whether either Colonel Roosevelt or President Wilson could hold a dramatic critic's job for two days. If the Colonel liked a play, he would

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

probably rush down to the office and begin his critique with "Anybody who does not go to see 'Ata-boy!' which opened last night at the Buchanan Theater — a theater named, by the way, for a president one of his successors seems to have taken as his model — anybody who fails to see that splendid play, I repeat, is a dastardly, deliberate, and unqualified traitor." "May I not suggest," Dramatic Critic Wilson might begin, "that 'Ata-boy!' as the very slangily entitled harlequinade exhibited at the Buchanan Theater is termed, is a very charming, very delightful, and, if I may coin a phrase, a very good play? I should like to hint, if I may be permitted the liberty of implying it, that it is an agreeable play."

If the publishers of this book had chosen Mr. Edison or Colonel Roosevelt to write the preface to a book of Hill's pictures, those gentlemen would have devoted the space to saying (*a*) how great they considered the pictures; (*b*) how great — therefore — they were; and (*c*) that — therefore — it was the duty of the public to consider them great. The public, bless its much more intelligent heart than editors think it has, is doing its duty by Hill, so I am spared task (*c*); I have not the phraseology of art criticism, so (*b*) is denied me; but (*a*) is within my province. I think they're great.

Perhaps there never was a newspaper feature that achieved so much popularity so quickly. Certainly I never knew of one. Hill's weekly page of drawings

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

spread in public favor like — as somebody so cleverly has phrased it — a prairie fire. In April, 1916, I was editing the *New York Tribune Magazine*, an eight-page Sunday section. My associate, who did all the work and originated most of the ideas, was Mr. Arthur H. Folwell, who had been, for fourteen years, editor of *Puck*. When we were planning our first number of the magazine, Folwell said, "One man we have to get is Bill Hill." Hill had been drawing sketches for *Puck*. So we asked Hill to come down to the *Tribune* office. "How would you like to draw a page a week for us?" we asked. "Fine," said Hill, in that verbose way he has. And that's how it began. Whatever credit attaches to being first to see the possibilities in Hill's drawings belongs to Folwell. All I did was to assure the *Tribune* that even if we did print a whole page of drawings every Sunday, nobody would blow up the building.

The first Sunday Hill's page appeared nearly everybody I met commented on it. The second Sunday people were "discovering" him, which is the best advertisement a book, a play, or a newspaper feature can have. And in a month it was almost a disgrace, in our gossipy village, not to have seen the Hill page by Sunday noon. "Seen that iceman of Hill's?" somebody would say, about eleven o'clock. And it would be a matter of pride to answer, "Yes, that was good; but, my dear, I nearly died over that song and dance team at the burlesque show!" And newspaper

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

and magazine men I met would say, in a sort of aggrieved manner, "Say, where did you dig up that man Hill?" I used to feel guilty. I felt as though I should have gone first to the other newspapers and given them an option on Hill; and then, if nobody else had wanted him, it would have been fair for us to take him.

Whenever a man writes, "Lack of time and space, etc.," he lies. As a rule, he is merely indolent, and unwilling to spend his own time to save the reader's, unwilling or unable to take the energy and time to compress into small space his prolix and vague utterances. I was tempted to say that I had neither time nor space to explain Hill's popularity; but I have had more than a year to think about it, and the prodigal publishers, who, apparently, think that white paper grows on trees, told me I might have all the space I wanted.

Hill is popular, by which I mean universal, because you think his pictures look like somebody you know, like Eddie, or Marjorie, or Aunt Em. But they don't; they look like you. Or, if you prefer, like me. He is popular because he draws the folks everybody knows. He is popular for the same reason that a New York audience applauds loudly and spontaneously a scene showing Times Square or some equally familiar setting. Why this is so I do not know. Perhaps it is because it proves the Romance of the Commonplace, because it shows that enchanted things may happen

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

in scenes utterly familiar to you. It proves, as Hill's pictures markedly and clearly prove, that you, no matter who you are, live in a vivid and interesting world. And maybe it never had occurred to you before. . . . Arnold Bennett once told me that when he was studying law, he happened to read George Moore's *A Mummer's Wife*. The scene of the story is the Five Towns. "Why," thought Bennett, "can it be that *I* live in this romantic, fascinating place?" And he looked about him, for the first time with the seeing eye, and found that it could be — that it was. Hill gives us all the seeing eye.

There have been made many comparisons of Hill with O. Henry, but the parallel is inept. The closest thing to Hill in literature — and it seems to me the two are decidedly similar — is George Ade. Ade's characterizations, you say, satirize the man across from you in the subway; they don't: they satirize you. Some of Ade's oldest characterizations, taken at random, would do for titles to Hill's pictures to-day. "Once upon a Time," wrote Ade in 1899, "there was a Slim Girl with a Forehead which was Shiny and Protuberant, like a Bartlett Pear. When asked to put Something in an Autograph Album, she invariably wrote the Following, in a tall, dislocated Back-Hand:

'Life is Real, Life is Earnest,
And the Grave is not its Goal.'

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

And, in the same Fable: "He had been kicked in the Head by a Mule when young and believed everything he read in the Sunday Papers. His pay was Twenty-Three a Month, which was high, if you knew Ernest."

Hill has drawn the Slim Girl. He has drawn Ernest. And "Luella . . . a Good Girl, who had taken Prizes at the Mission Sunday School, but she was Plain, Much. Her Features did not seem to know the value of Team Work. Her Clothes fit her Intermittently, as it were. She was what would be called a Lumpy Dresser. But she had a good Heart."

And "Gus . . . the kind of Fellow who would see a Girl twice, and then, upon meeting her the Third Time, would go up and straighten her Cravat for her, and call her by her First Name. . . . Upon entering a Parlor Car at St. Paul he would select a Chair next to the Most Promising One in Sight, and ask her if she cared to have the Shade lowered. . . . At Milwaukee he would go out and buy a Bouquet for her, and when they rode into Chicago they would be looking out of the same Window, and he would be arranging for her Baggage with the Transfer Man. After that they would be Old Friends." And a favorite Hill model is Ade's "tall Blonde who knew that Columbus discovered America and which kind of Massage Cream to buy, and let it go at that."

There is, to my notion, another similarity — beside their intense Americanness — between Ade and Hill.

PREFACE TO A PREFACE

They are considered, by the public that financially supports them, a couple of amusing clowns, a pair of merry-andrews, surface observers. I can imagine their friends asking them when they are going to do something serious, something "big." If there is anything in American literature "bigger" than Ade, I should like to know who is writing it; and if anybody's pictures are more serious than Hill's, I should like to write a preface to his book, too.

Which brings me, after using your time and the publishers' space, to the

PREFACE

The pictures in this book were drawn by William E. Hill, who was born in New York in 1887 and was graduated from Amherst in 1909. He lives in New York.

His profession is helping make the world safe from hypocrisy.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

NEW YORK, *October 13, 1917.*



Tableaus at the Country Club — Late arrivals in the back of the room enjoying the “Death of Little Nell” much to the annoyance of little Nell’s aunt.

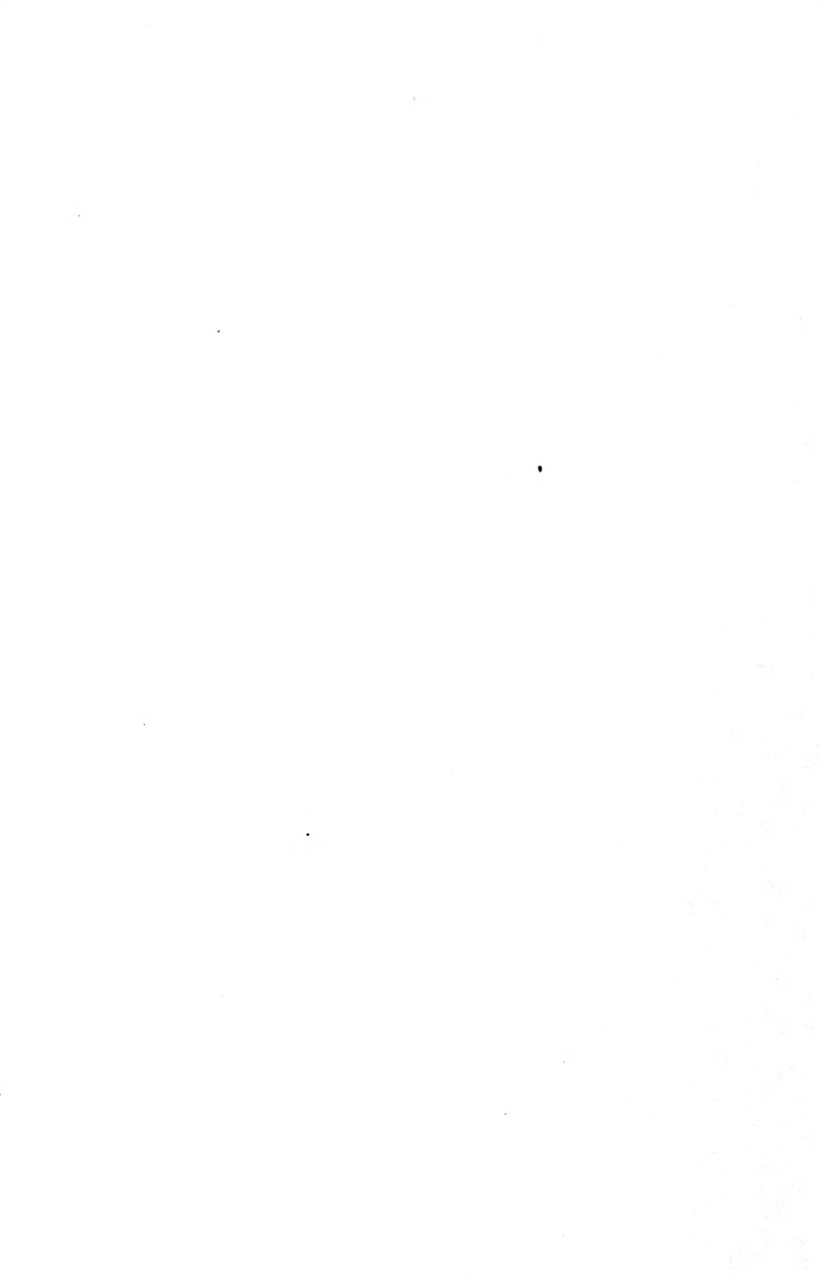
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AMONG US MORTALS



Two women who hate each other saying: "My dear, I've thought of you so often, and I'm coming to see you the very first chance I get."



I

THE AMATEUR VAUDEVILLE



Reggie has consumed an hour in trying to make himself resemble a collar ad.

Grayce dearest, —

We had the vaudeville last night and it was *such* a success! Honestly, if I do say it myself, some of the boys were better than lots I've seen on the professional stage. And anyhow, we took in \$830 — or maybe it was \$380, I was always poor in arithmetic —

THE AMATEUR VAUDEVILLE

and it's for the Surgical Dressings Board, so you see it was for a "good cause."

There was a cartoonist there, a Mr. Hills, I believe, who made sketches of us. They were as clever as they could be. I met him, too, but he went away right after the "show." He's married, I suppose. All the nicest men you meet are.

Reggie was awfully good, he looked so strong and manly. And Bert's imitation of Harry Lauder was simply wonderful. You could have closed your eyes and imagined that Mr. L. was on the stage. I was in the chorus, and a "certain person" said I looked terribly cute. And he said it sincerely, too, if you know what I mean.

After the "show" Bert and I went out on the piazza, and he told me a lot of personal things. He's really deep, though everybody thinks he's just funny. He said "Tempus fidgets," but I said, "Well, it's really a shame to go indoors, a night like this." And he said he'd try anything once. So we sat and talked, and, my dear, we did n't go in until 3 G.M.

I think we'll have a good time here. It is n't the place so much as the people. You can always have a good time with your own crowd, anyhow.

I'll bet it's hot in town. It's warm here in the daytime, but the nights are always cool and we've slept under blankets every night.

Well, olive oil.

Fondly,

Dulcinea.



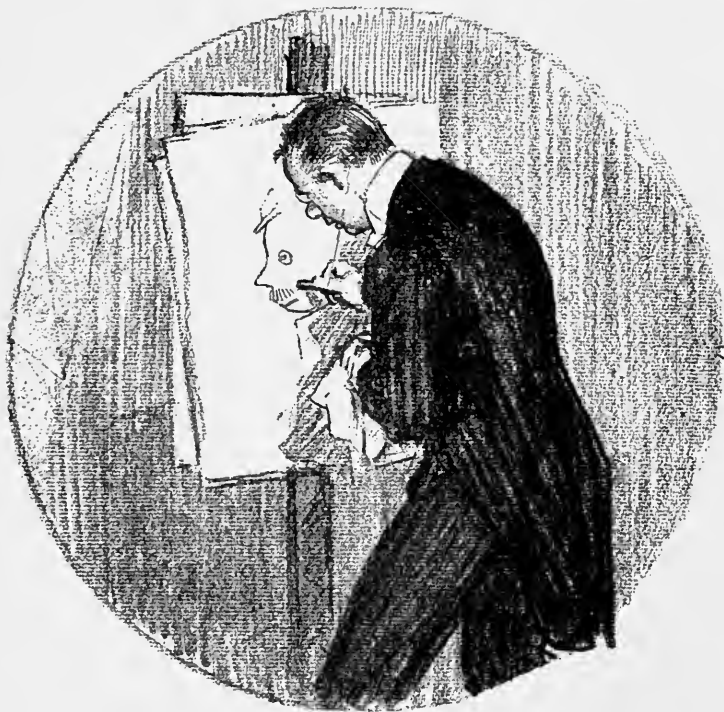
Programme girl, who has more paint on than the entire chorus of the show.



Pete, the electrician, having a little argument with the girl who does n't see why the calcium can't be brought right down in the wings during her song.



Marie Louise, who wore her bridesmaid dress for the fashion number, sees four more of them in the audience.



Very much flustered amateur cartoonist, who has used up
ten of the allotted twelve minutes and is still rubbing
out lines and putting them in again.



Toe dancer, who comes down hard, like a ton of brick,
causing the temporary stage to all but collapse.



The imitation of Harry Lauder by the man who
never has seen him, but knows how
his stuff ought to go.



The little stage set up at one end of the hotel ballroom, showing the members of the chorus, who have rehearsed now and then for eight weeks, but in an armory, and never at the same time.

II

THE MOVIES



The lady who presides at the ticket window.

(After "Carcassonne")

I'M growing old, I've forty years;
I've labored twenty of them hard.
I've fifty-fiftied smiles and tears,
Like many an elder, better bard.

THE MOVIES

I've lived in palace and in hut,
In tropic sun and winter snow.
I've roamed this well-known planet, but
I've never seen a movie show.

The Chaplin fall I've never seen;
I've never seen the Pickford curl;
I know not Fairbanks of the screen;
I've never glimpsed the Bara girl,
I'd like to spill some stirring rhymes,
But writing what I do not know
Is not among my petty crimes . . .
I've never seen a movie show.

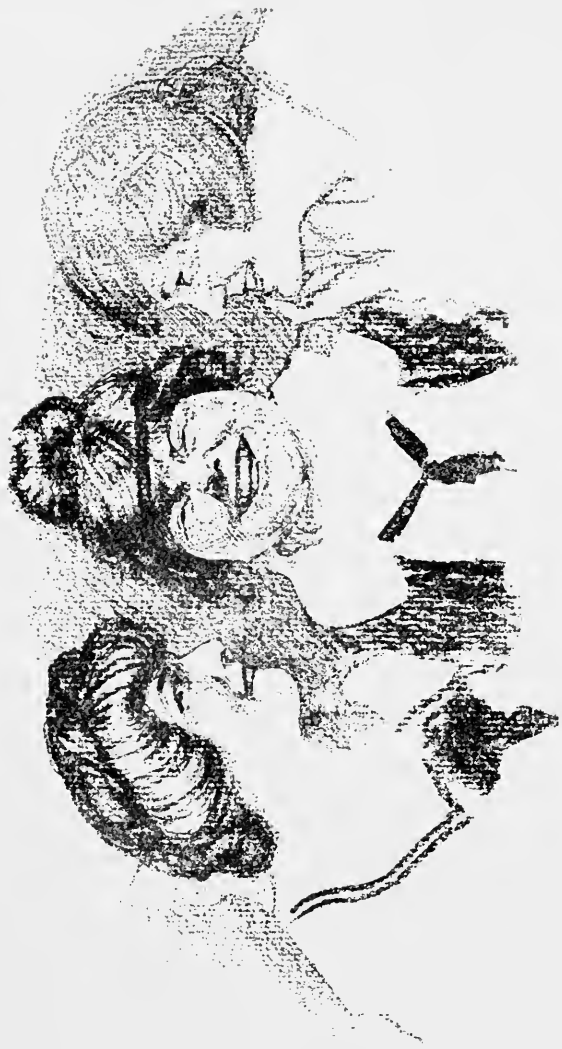


Joe took his mother and sister to see the Weekly featuring the film of the Master

Plumbers' parade. Unfortunately the part with Joe in it had been cut.



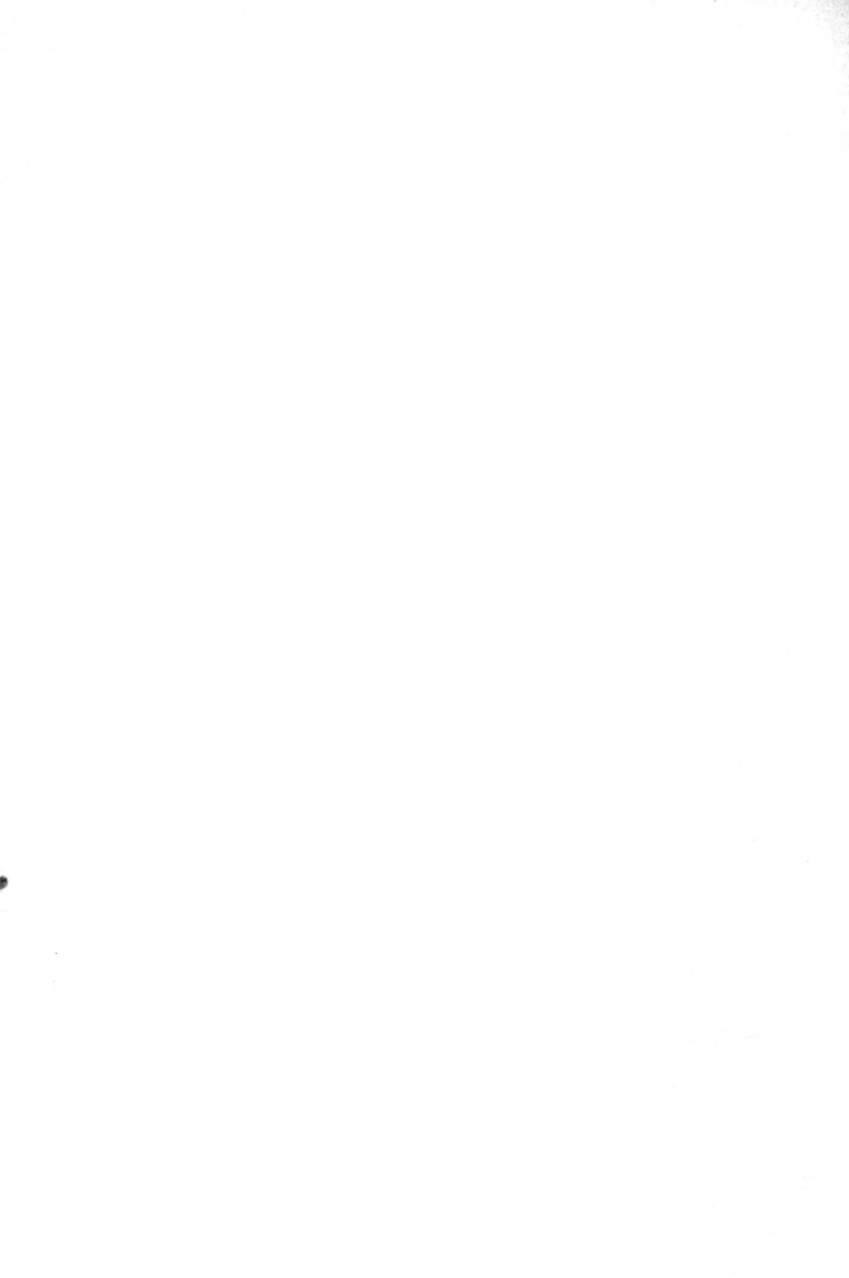
The man who knows all the inside dope about the players' salaries, and the girl who has been told she resembles Theda Bara and makes you guess who it is she looks like.



Second-year high-school girls very much entertained by the sex photoplay with
a moral.



Close-up of Nellie, the waif, who has just blown open a safe only to discover documentary evidence that she has been robbing her own father. In the front row sit Georgie and his nurse, supposed to be taking an airing in the park.



III

THE BURLESQUE SHOW



La Belle Emelinita, the special
attraction of the olio.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

October 9 — Up, and to my office, where all the talk is of the great warr, as, indeed, it is in all other places. Nor can I find many to talk of base-ball, and of the

THE BURLESQUE SHOW

great series which beginneth to-morrow; yet do I know those zanies, the publick, and albeit all do say, I take no interest in the game this year, yet fifty of them, on the morrow morn, will genuflect to me for billets to the game, which, Lord! I can not get so easily as they might themselves. Comes W. Hill the artist to see me, and we to an inn for dinner, of a clam-chowder, and a chine of beef, and a salad of tomatoes, and a blueberry pasty; all very fine, and it cost me near £1, which I payed with a fair grace. Then we to the playhouse to see The Gay Society Belles Burlesque show, a noisy harlequinade. For I had heard a great to-do about the improvement in these shows, how that they are better than they were in the days when C. Riegelman and I were lads and went to see a handsome woman called Karina, at Sam T. Jack's playhouse. But the comick men to-night lacked, me-seemed, the high and humourous vulgarity my boyhood laughed at, and the women were without beauty or grace, and all had gold teeth, and wore cotton stockings, which would make Cleopatra herself to seem inalluring. Nor did I like their comick songs so well as the sad minor melodies of my youth. Lord! I would give £5 to see "Old Age and Youth," and to hear a team sing

"Is-a thatchu Madge?" I said to her.

She-a quickly toined away.

"Don't toin away, Madge, I am still your friend.

To-night I'm going back to see

The old folks, and I thought

Perhaps a messidge you would like to send."



The beef trustor — nearly extinct.

THE BURLESQUE SHOW

Or

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men;
You could tell that they were drummers; nothing seemed to
trouble them.

Or

And when a pretty waitress
Brought them a tray of food,
They spoke to her insultingly,
In manner rather rude.

But here was a team, with their inane rag, tag, and bobtail, mumbling something about the ukulele, an instrument said to be played by the Sandwich Islanders, God pity them! And the endless iteration of jokes that had no flavour soever, no more than rice pudding with vanilla sauce. But the house was crowded with lackwits, and the feeble japeries made all guffaw. And I told W. Hill of the days when I saw a team called Caron and Herbert, and how droll they were; and one called Mazuz and Mazette; and of the comickalities of Billy Van and the pungent humour of Charlie Case. And of the thrill that went over me when Lady Sholto Douglas, wearing a diamond garter, sang "The Daughter of Officer Porter"; and how I laughed when Johnny Ray would say, "I've been up sixteen flights of stairs and every door's a window." There is no comick stuff like that these days. Home, and read The New Republic, and to-bed.



Lilly Romaine, soubrette, on the programme as "The Little Bombshell of Joy," living up to her reputation.



Three of the chorus ladies in the baseball number.



“Gee—I’d hate to pull that old gag in my act!” Song-and-dance team from another show.



The extra verses of the topical song begin to grow racy.



Chorus lady, who can bawl out a stage hand in the wings without getting out of step.



Neither the iceman nor the barber had heard that one before.



High society on the burlesque circuit — showing Mrs. Van-Alstyne Nickelbocker dining with the Duke of Flub Dub, on the lawn of her villa at Newport. The Duke has just interpolated a shady joke.



The wife of the man who owns the show as Columbia
in the big patriotic finale.

IV
AFTERNOON TEA HOUR



Balancing a cup of tea, a piece of cake,
and a very limp sandwich, pre-
paratory to shaking hands.

AFTERNOON TEA

“CAN’T we get out of the crush?”

“I never *dreamed* you’d be here.”

“How Dorothea can gush!”

“Have n’t seen you in a year.”

AFTERNOON TEA HOUR

"I never dreamed *you'd* be here."

"Has n't the weather been cool?"

"Have n't seen you in a year!"

"What! Why, she's just out of school!"

"*Has* n't the weather been cool?"

"My, what a polyglot bunch!"

"What! Why, she's just out of school!"

("I have n't had any lunch!")

"My, what a polyglot bunch!"

"Teas are a thing I detest . . .

I have n't had any lunch.

Hurry. That man is a pest!"

"Teas are a thing I detest."

"How Dorothea can gush!"

"Hurry. That man is a pest!

Can't we get out of the crush?"



Delia, who had a date with her young man
and has had to stay in to serve tea.



Group laughing at a joke none of them has understood.



The plain girl who is always being dragged
from a corner for some one to meet.



The young man who makes the unfortunate break, and the innocent ladies who get it right away.



“Oh you should have been with us yesterday — we saw
such interesting types for you to draw!”

V
MODERN ART



The opening day at an exhibition of
modern art.

Grayce dearest —

I am getting to be quite a “bohemian.” Went to an art show yesterday and saw some of the new things — “futurist,” they call them. They don’t mean anything in my “young life.” It’s like in music — I al-

MODERN ART

ways say give me something with a tune in it, like "The Rosary" or "Narcissus." And something cheerful. Like on the stage. "Gee," there's enough sadness in real life without going to books or the theatre for it. I like to be amused.

Well, about those pictures. Honestly, I don't know a thing about Art, but thank Goodness I know what I like. And I am nothing if not frank, so I told Harry. He really did n't mind. I think if you say out what you think, it's best in the long run. Of Course, unless it hurts somebody. I simply can't *bear* to hurt anybody. Harry is that way, too, and he is so kind to dumb animals. Really, he is a dear.

The pictures were so silly! What I like are those magazine covers by Harrison Fisher, is it? or Christy, and Neysa McMein. I wonder how she pronounces it. I know a boy who knows her and he says it's McMane — like that. He says she's *terribly* fascinating! I wish I could draw — the life must be so romantic and wonderful. But, honestly, I can't draw a straight line. I don't see how Briggs and Goldberg get all their ideas. Think of having to do it every day!

I have n't heard from you in ages and ages. This is Wednesday, but it seems like Monday to me because yesterday was a holiday.

"Over the river."

Fondly,

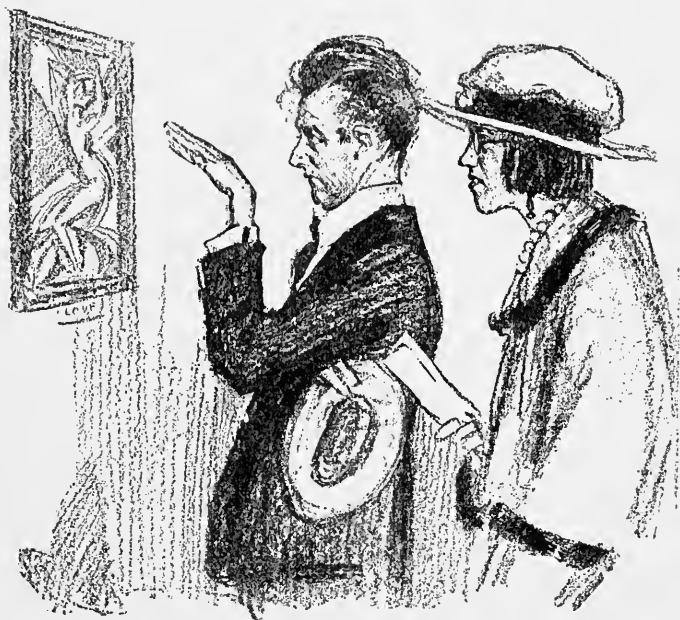
Dulcy.



Ethel and Aunt Maud, after giving a portrait bust the once over, decide that this new stuff is "just a fad like the kewpies." In the background is the girl who never knew what color was till she saw the Russian Ballet.



Débutante of two years back who has to take up art
to kill time.



Criticism. Now there's something awfully big, awfully broad, awfully virile, in the handling of this one.



Artist discovering that the only one of his pictures sold
has been hung up-side-down.

VI

THE SENIOR HOP



The house-party chaperon, who calls everybody
“honey boy” and is always kissing some
one. Not over popular with the girls.

PERHAPS, when the world shall have been made
safe for democracy, the Senior Hop and the Junior
Prom will be abolished. Or if they continue, in such

THE SENIOR HOP

a world, everybody in college will be invited. And then, I fear, they will perish automatically, as will many things in an ideally democratic universe. . . . I wonder how we fighters for democracy will like it.



Bill, showing his girl and her mother around the town, encounters Bessie, of the Telephone Exchange, who had expected to be asked to the fraternity house-party and would now like to tell him a few things. Bill hastens to point out the view in the opposite direction.



Four girls having declined, Shorty was up against it till his sister, at school, hit upon the happy idea of sending her roommate, a "perfectly corking girl" whom Shorty had never seen.



The dean's wife cornering some one to come over and meet
the visiting peach whom she has been press-agenting
for the last two months.



Distress signals from Joe, who is dancing for the seventh successive time with his sister, and wants one of the stags to cut in.



Two of the faculty wives having the time of their lives
pulling Mrs. Prexy to pieces.



The conscientious freshman, who always dances with all the patronesses, finishes the evening's work with the Greek professor's wife, who hasn't danced since long before the two-step went out of vogue.



Brother Simms, whose girl could n't come at the last moment. He has been drowning his sorrows and now insists on going up to the house-party and serenading the chaperons.

VII

SUMMER PEOPLE



Watching the engaged couple.

Grayce dear —

Here we are at Bromidewild. It is perfectly lovely, so quiet and restful. The railroad fare is \$6.80, but I always say the fare is the least of one's traveling

SUMMER PEOPLE

expenses. The train was an hour late. It seems that every time I'm on a train it's late, but when I'm a minute late catching it, it's right on the dot. Papa says life is like that.

My room is rather small, but everything is spotlessly clean. Besides, I'm outdoors all day long, so what does the room matter? This is my room, marked X on the letter-head. The meals are n't very good, but I don't mind. If the bread and butter are good, I always say, you can stand anything. Besides, the people who complain about the table are always the ones who are n't used to anything better at home.

There is a young man here from the West, from Iowa or Minneapolis or somewhere. He is different from the Eastern men I know — more open and frank, like his own prairies, if you know what I mean. There is another boy here who has just graduated from Princeton. I told him he would find the world a good deal harder than college, but he said it was a small world after all, and college was pretty big. Was n't that silly? College is fine for boys, I think. The friendships they form there are often more valuable to them in after life than their studies.

Helen came up here Saturday. She went to Coney Island Friday night, she said. I like to go once a year, and that's enough. Helen is n't much to look at, but she's one of the best-hearted girls I know. And she has stacks of girl friends. I always say if a girl has n't got girl friends, there must be something wrong. That



The boy who has all the latest steps and the girl who is
just crazy to learn them.

SUMMER PEOPLE

Princeton boy said the same thing was true about men and man friends. I guess college brings out everything a man has in him — it either makes him or breaks him. He used to know Helen in Pittsburgh. How small the world is! There's another boy here I met last summer at Kamp Kumfort. I can't remember his name. I never forget a face, but I'm awful at names. He's kind of a Socialist, but I told him I thought if all the money in the world were divided equally it would n't be long before the same folks had most of it who had most of it before. He has a Ford. It's not very pretty, but it does get you from place to place.

There's dancing, Grayce, too. Heavenly floor and a "jazz" band, as they call it. I don't care two cents for dancing unless there's a good floor and good music. Do you? Or don't you?

Well, I only meant to write a line and I've written *pages!*

Well, don't take any wooden nickels. Ta-ta.

Fondly,
Dulcinea.

P.S. Write me. I hate to write letters, but I simply love to get them.

D.



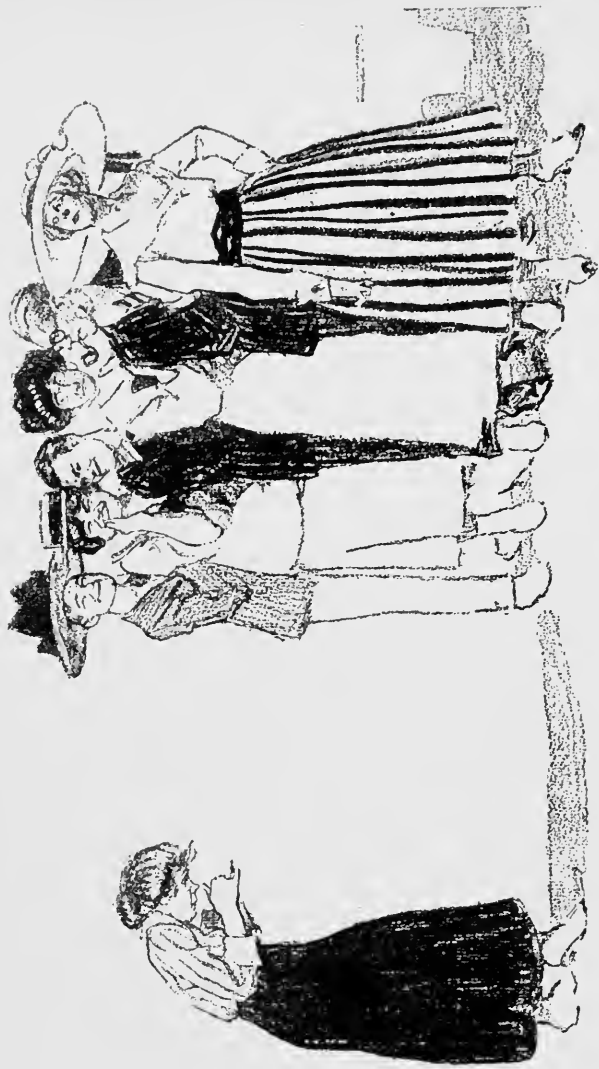
Gladys goes wading.



Mr. Healy, the milkman, gets a whole season's sunburn
in one day.



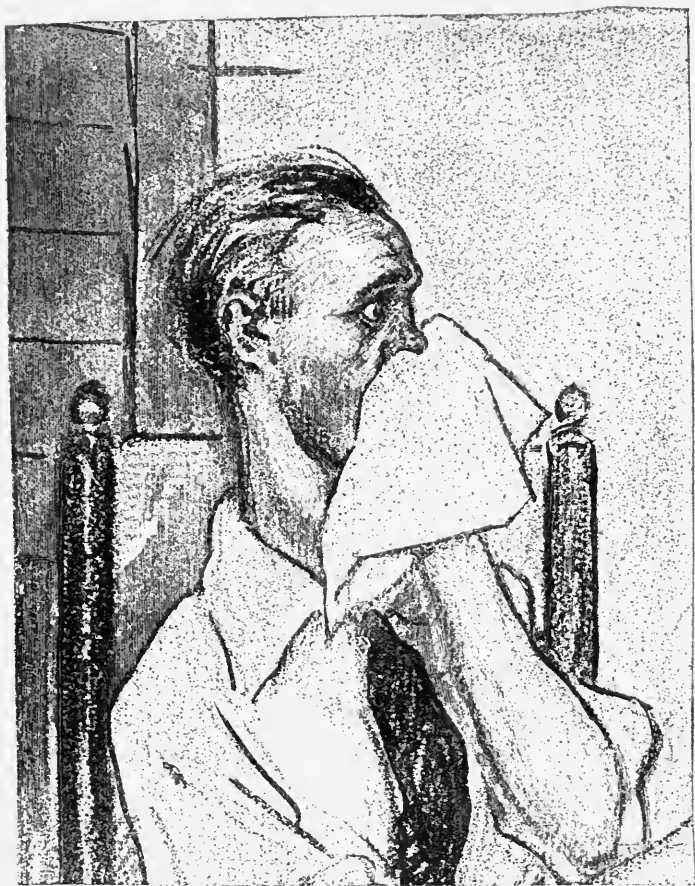
Lady laughing at a Ford joke.



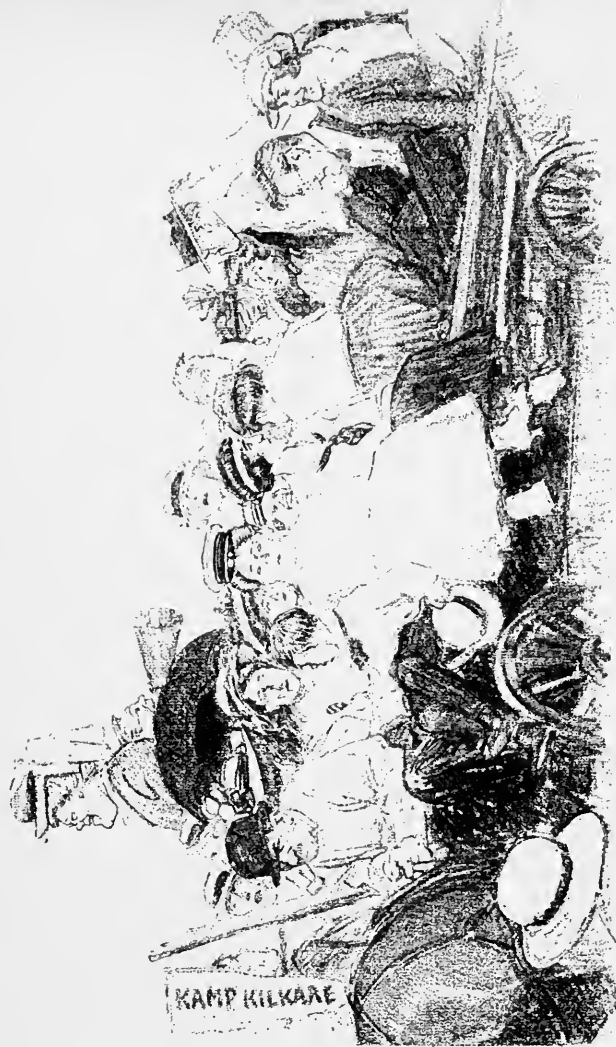
The snapshot of "the gang."



The girl who thinks men will respect her so much more if
she does n't smoke.



Hay fever — “Dodt cob dear be with that golded-rod!”



The straw ride.

VIII

WAR STUFF



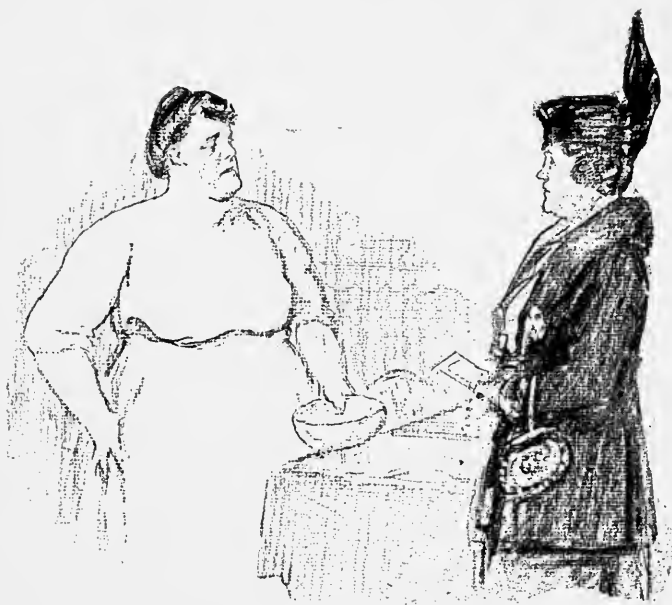
The man who was awfully fierce and warlike
before war was declared, but who is
abnormally reticent nowadays.

WAR STUFF

HILL omitted an interesting portrait in "War Stuff." He should have drawn one of the German who said that he enjoyed his travels in America, but that his wife did get so tired of those upper berths.



The sentimental lady who once spent four days in a Munich *pension*, knows the German people thoroughly, and does not believe a word about these atrocities.



Mrs. Roederbeck, who was leading up to a little kitchen talk on War Economy, loses her nerve when Viola, the cook, begins her usual line about the lavish table they used to set at her last place.



The young man who is all for universal service, but who unfortunately can't do anything himself on account of two weak ankles and a fallen arch.



Clara was learning to drive a motor-ambulance and was getting along quite nicely (provided there was some one around to crank the car) when she had a perfectly dandy invitation to visit out in Seattle, and, so, of course, she had to give up all the war preparations.



The box party at the opera-house whose gossip is interrupted when the house stands to sing the national anthem. None of them knows the words, although one man in the back of the box is making his mouth move appropriately.

IX

THE APARTMENT HOUSE



Eager renting-agent, who tells you that the apartment usually rents for twenty-two hundred, but, because he has taken such a fancy to you, he'll let it go for eighteen hundred.

THE APARTMENT HOUSE

ALSO, THERE MIGHT BE PICTURES OF—

ALBERT, the West Indian hallboy, who gets \$35 a month and tells you scornfully that “we have n’t any apartments under \$3100.”

HULDA, the sturdy viqueen, gently — oh, so gently — beating rugs on the roof.

ELSIE, the switchboard operator, reading next month’s “Yippy Yarns” while Central is assuring somebody “Mornington 2493 does not answer.”

MRS. BEASLEY showing Clara, the newly engaged handmaiden, her bedroom, and wondering whether Clara will like it.

CLARA, the newly engaged handmaiden, getting her first look at her bedroom, and deciding to herself that she is going to hate the place.



The prospective tenants, escorted by the janitor, want to see everything — including the room in which an unprepared member of the family is trying to hide.



A family is moving in on the first floor, and Sidney, the elevator boy, who objects to being imposed upon, retires with his car to the top of the house till all the heavy pieces have been carried in.



That new blonde across the area-way may be all right,
but Mrs. Iseman has her own ideas on the subject.



The janitress comes up for air.



Mrs. Schultz, on a diet, is about to lunch on a glass of milk and a cracker, when she smells beefsteak and onions cooking somewhere downstairs.



The people who came right up unannounced, because they knew they were expected.



Bessie's one chance to get away from the family and
read her correspondence.

X

OPENING NIGHT



Box-office man telling the man who wanted the seat on the end, down in front, that he has a splendid one in "M," five seats from the aisle.

OPENING NIGHT

AND THE COUPLE IN BACK OF YOU, WHO
SAY, IN PART:

"It's too bad John Drew can't get a first-class play. He's such a finished actor."

"Oh, yes. *She's* always good."

"I laughed, but for the life of me I could n't tell you what I laughed at."

"I always read his criticisms, even when I disagree with him."

"Well, it always runs longer the first night. When they begin to cut —"

"I like Willie Collier better. He's so — you know — natural."

"She's got no voice, I know, but she's got personality — that's what she's got — personality."

"That's James Montgomery Flagg or Montague Glass. I always get them mixed up."

"That's just what I think. It's a good play, but not a *great* play."



The small-town evening clothes. Uncle Harry feels just as uncomfortable as he looks.



Ushers applauding the good points of the show.



The critic of the trade journal takes a great many notes.



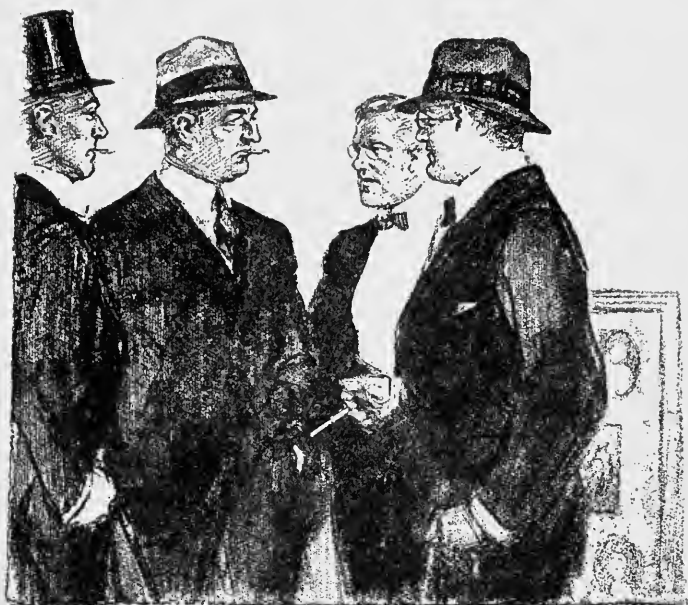
Chorus lady sees a couple of college friends from New Haven in the audience.



The star. "Wanta thank you . . . behalf of myself and
the company."



Actress who rehearsed for the part and didn't make good
watching the leading lady in her big emotional scene.



“ Well, I ’m afraid it ’s a hit.”

XI

THE FRATERNITY BANQUET



Somewhat nervous speaker about to be reminded by something or other of the story of the Irishman who met the Frenchman coming down the street.

THE FRATERNITY BANQUET

THE CONFRATERNITY BANQUET

HOW IT SOUNDS AT ABOUT 10:55

How can I bear to boola boo the shades of Upidee
That's where my heart is weep no more my O say can
you see

How dear to heart grows weary she's a bear is Delta U
Above Cayuga's waters for the Yellow and the Blue.

A Spanish cava fare thee well and everything so fine
That's where you get your old black Joe my darling
Clementine

The old folks would enjoy it Tipperary 't is of thee
'T was from Aunt Dinah's quilting on the beach at
Waikiki.

The pope he good-night ladies Alpha Nu because
we're here

Just break the news to mother with a good song ring-
ing clear

Just tell them that fair Harvard old Nassau is shining
bright

How can I bear to boola boo we roll along to-night.



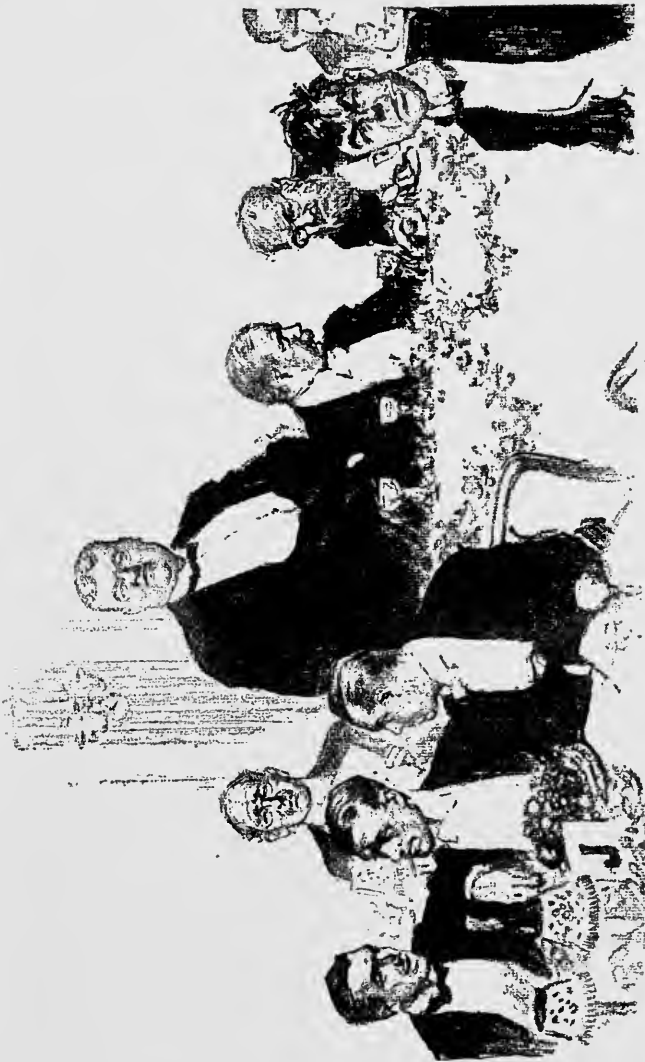
The coatroom girl giving the tall hats a rough deal.



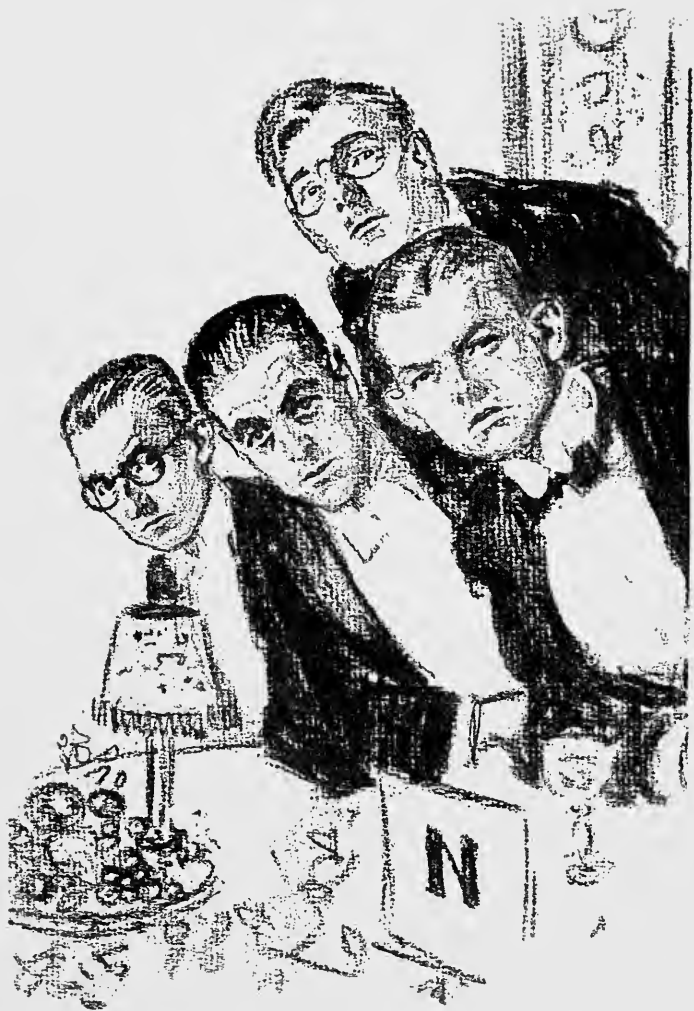
Brother Beckmesser has come a thousand miles to speak of
the excellence of his fraternity.



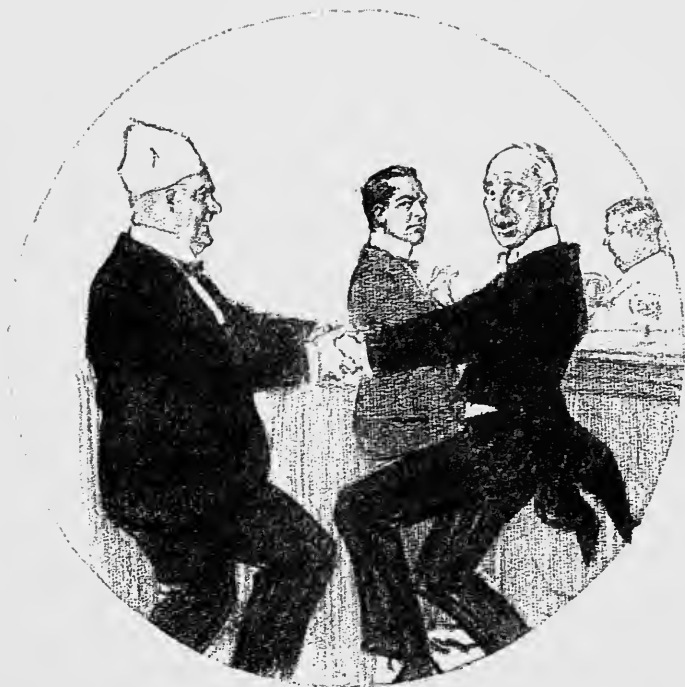
Brother Mink, chronic fraternity bug, arguing the advisability of establishing a precedent with regard to the reading of the minutes, etc.



The convention banquet, showing Brother Bump in the act of recalling what his old physics prof used to say years ago about idealism. In the left foreground Brother Dinger is telling about the little queen on the train coming down from college, and at the right a visiting brother is suggesting a little trip to the bar.



Boys at the far table making sure of getting into the picture.



The old boys who feel as young at seventy as they did at
twenty and the undergraduate who hopes he will
never be such an old fool.

XII

CHRISTMAS



The saleslady's Christmas morning.

Grayce dearest —

Xmas comes but once a year. It does n't seem a year since last Xmas, does it? I suppose the older you get the faster the time seems to go.

I have n't time for a "lengthy epistle" but you will take the will for the deed, I know. I am sending you just a trifle. It is n't the value of the gift, I always say. It's the spirit that goes with it. And I hope

CHRISTMAS

you'll like this book as well as I do — "Among We Mortals," the funniest pictures! The reading matter is silly, but what do we care, as Eva Tanguay says.

I have a million cards to write, so excuse me. You never know how many friends you have till Christmas comes.

Well, Merry Xmas,

From Your aff't,

Dulcinea.



Little girl who wants a vanity case for Christmas,
waiting while her parents look through
the toy department.



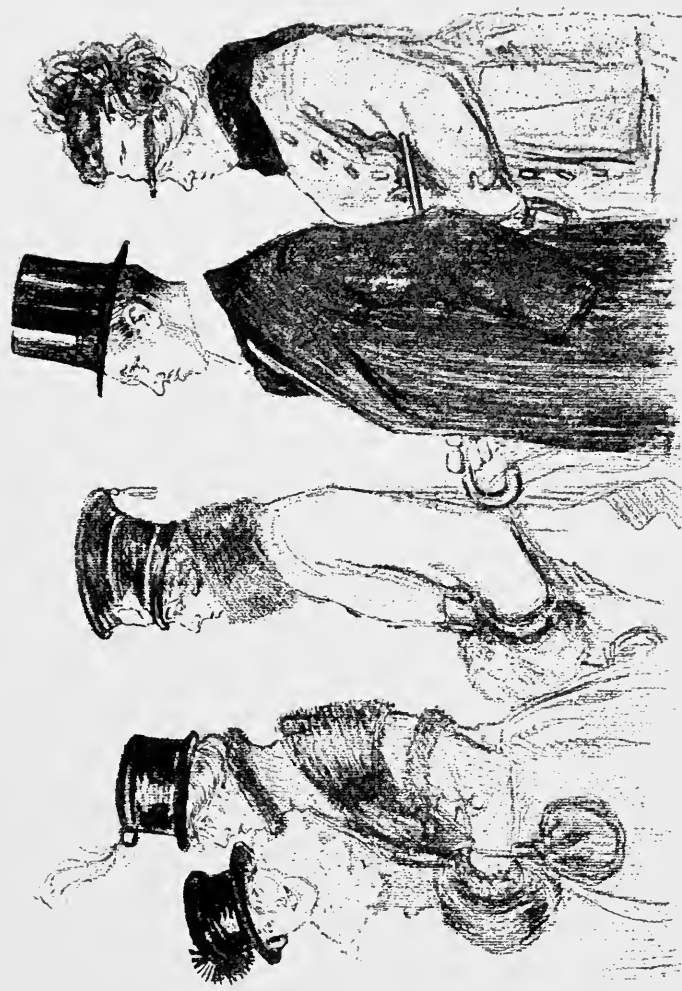
The laundry boy hands in a card which reads :
“Christmas is here, with lots of joy,
So don’t forget the laundry boy.”



“Our tree had more lights than yours.” The cook’s little nieces are brought in to see the tree.



The family gathering. Cousin Amy and Cousin Maud explaining why they have n't exchanged calls in a year. Neither is getting away with it.



On the way home to a family dinner.



The lady trapeze
artist in the
“Grand Free
Open Air
Show.”

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